In the maine battell, whose puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkeſt thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemie,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, ſwords our lawe.
March on, ſoyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his armie.*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd,
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, Raſcols and runawaies,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Iackey peſants,
Whom their orecloyed countrey vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers coſt,
A milkeſope, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw *A*rchers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood,
*A*maze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,
What ſaies Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is paſt the marſh,
*A*fter the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.
King. *A* thouſand hearts are great within my boſome,
*A*duance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie ſits on our helpes.
Alarum, excurſions, Enter Catesbie.
Cat. Reſcew my Lord of *Norfolke*, reſcew, reſcew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Reſcew faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter Richard.*
King. *A* horſe, a horſe, my Kingdome for a horſe.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.
King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be ſixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day inſtead of him.
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine, then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.
Rich. God and your armes be praiſed victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well haſt thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen ſay *A*men to all.